

Foscarini

Tragedy in five acts

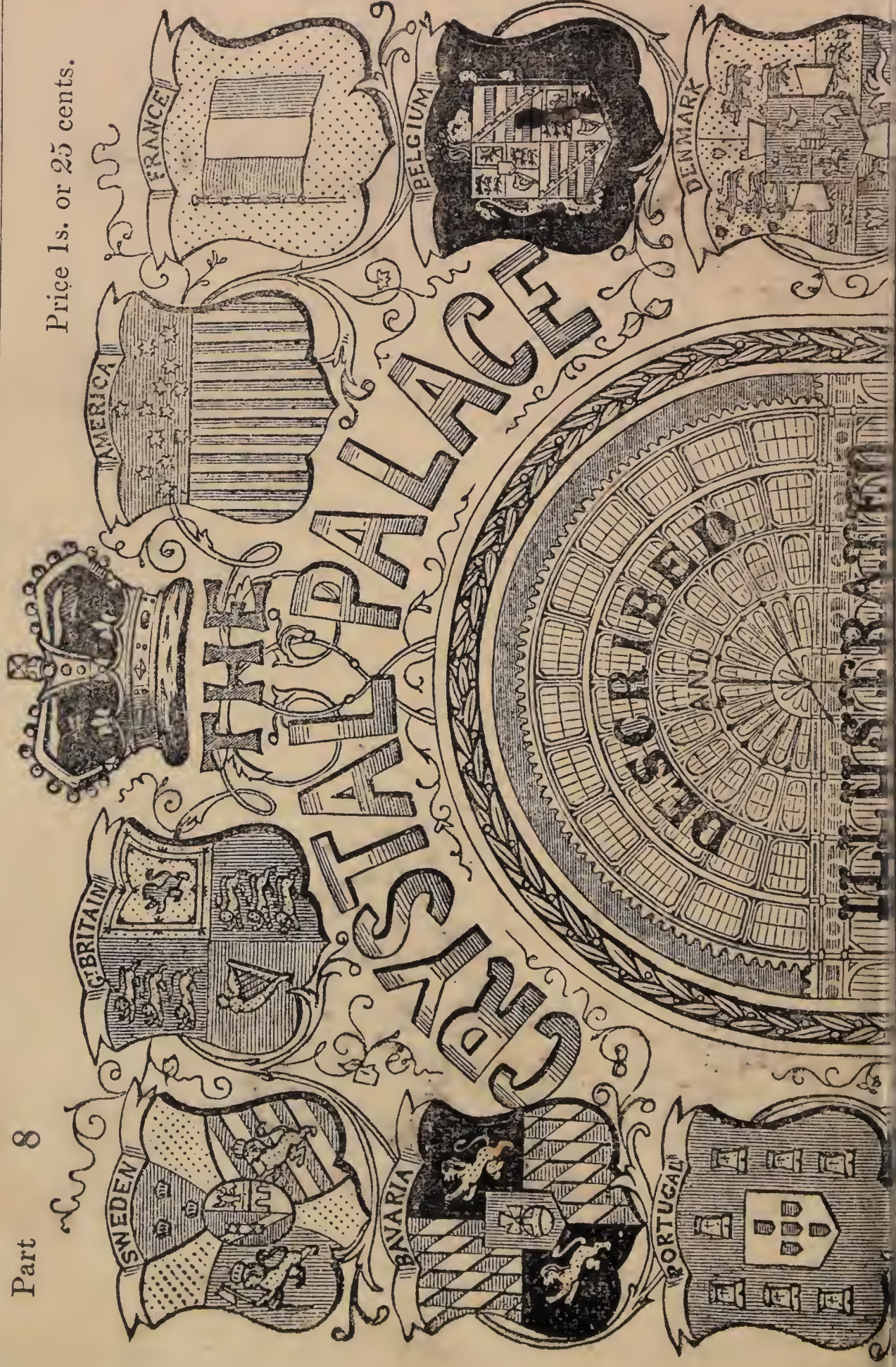
By  
Mary Russell Mitford



DEDICATED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, K.G., ETC.

Part 8

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# F O S C A R I :

*A TRAGEDY.*

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BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

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## P R E F A C E.



THE subject of the following Play is taken from a domestic tragedy in the history of Venice, and was suggested to the Authoress by an interesting narrative of that event in Dr. Moore's Travels. It is scarcely, perhaps, necessary to say here in prose, what the Prologue repeats in verse, that her piece was not only completed, but actually presented to Covent Garden Theatre before the publication of Lord Byron's well-known drama : a fact which happily exculpates her from any charge of a vain imitation of the great Poet, or of a still vainer rivalry.

She has now only the pleasant task of acknowledging her obligations to those whose eminent and united talents ensured the success of her Tragedy. To Mr. Young, for his masterly and pathetic delineation of the heart-broken father ; to Mr. Kemble, (that embodied spirit of

chivalry to whom all that is gallant and knightly seems to belong as of right) for the brilliant exertion of his powers in *Francesco* ; to Mr. Warde, for the consummate subtlety and the commanding intellect which he threw into *Erizzo* ; to Mr. Serle, for the pure and gentle pathos of his *Cosmo* ; and, though last, far from least, to Mrs. Sloman, for her chaste and affecting *Camilla*, she is most deeply indebted. Nor ought she to omit the sincere tribute of her gratitude to Mr. Fawcett, for the zealous kindness with which he superintended the production of her Play ; and to the performers in general for the interest they took in its success. She begs them all to accept her heartfelt thanks.



## PROLOGUE.

~~~~~  
SPOKEN BY MR. SERLE.  
~~~~~

For riches famed of yore, and once as free  
As her own element, the bounding sea,  
Fair Venice now, fall'n from her "palmy state,"  
Broods o'er her palace-city desolate ;  
Each mart deserted, each Palladian hall  
Vacant and ruinous proclaims her fall.  
Yet still one triumph of her ancient fame  
Gilds her decay, and lingers round her name ;  
'Tis that beneath the proud Venetian dome  
The Tragic Muse hath fix'd her favourite home ;  
'Tis that her very name makes young hearts glow  
With deep remembrance of some glorious woe.  
There Shylock whetted his relentless knife ;  
There poor Othello won his murdered wife ;  
There Pierre, stout traitor, the awed State defied ;  
There Jaffier lov'd, and Belvidera died.  
And there the immortal Bard, who all too soon  
Fell in the blaze of Fame's effulgent noon,  
Lamented Byron ! twice a tale hath told  
Of princely anguish in the days of old :



How 'gainst the Senate Faliero fired  
With vengeful hate by their stern doom expired ;  
And *his* severer fate, condemned to try  
His guiltless son, the good Doge Foscari.  
That tale of woe, but with an humbler flight  
And weaker wing, our Authoress of to-night  
Hath brought before ye. Deem not of it worse  
That 'tis a theme made sacred by his verse.  
Ere his bold Tragedy burst into day,  
Her trembling hand had closed this woman's play.  
A different track she follows—Oh ! forgive  
Her errors ye, who bid the Drama live !  
To your indulgence she commends her cause,  
And hopes, yet dares not ask, your kind applause.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

FOSCARI, Doge of Venice	-	-	-	MR. YOUNG
FRANCESCO FOSCARI, his Son	-	-	-	MR. KEMBLE
COUNT ERIZZO,	}	Venetian Senators,	{	MR. WARDE
COUNT ZENO,				MR. HORREBOW
DONATO,				MR. EGERTON
COSMO, Donato's Son	-	-	-	MR. SERLE
CELSO, a follower of Count Erizzo	-	-	-	MR. FITZHARRIS

Senators, Jailers, Officers, and Gentlemen.

CAMILLA, Donato's Daughter	-	-	MRS. SLOMAN
LAURA, his Niece	-	-	MISS HENRY

Ladies.

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*Scene*—VENICE.





# F O S C A R I.

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## A C T I.

### SCENE I.

*St. Mark's Place.*

*Count Erizzo and Celso meeting Donato.*

*Don.* GOOD morrow Count Erizzo, you are early.  
Are you bound to the Palace?

*Eriz.* Aye, Donato,  
The common destination ; but I go  
With an old friend.

*Don.* What, Celso, thou turned courtier !

*Cel.* I am a suitor to his Highness, Sir,  
With Count Erizzo's aid.

*Don.* What is your suit ?

*Eriz.* One of the procurators died last night ;  
And honest Celso here would fain succeed  
To that good office.

*Don.* None more capable !  
You will not fail.

*Eriz.* Scarcely, I think ;——and yet  
I hardly know. The old Doge likes me not :  
There have been murmurs in the Senate, cousin,  
At these long wasting wars ; and he, I hear,

Suspects me. I have doubts. From you, indeed,  
One word——

*Don.* It shall be said. Give me the paper.  
Yes, at one word from me—the Doge and I  
Are friends, old friends, the friends of forty years ;  
Besides we have a pair of hopeful sons,  
Friends from the cradle upwards.

*Eriz.* And those friends  
May soon be brothers. Will not thy Camilla  
Be Foscari's bride, when his rough mistress War  
Shall loose him from her arms ?

*Don.* Aye ; he'll return  
Too soon, whene'er he comes, to steal away  
My age's darling. Yet is he a boy  
Full of high thoughts, a noble princely boy,  
Kindly and generous ; one that may deserve  
Even her.—Well, give me this petition, Count.  
Look on the post as certain. [Exit.]

*Cel.* How can I  
Repay——He's gone. Think'st thou he will succeed ?

*Eriz.* I know not. Either way works well for us.  
If he succeed, then will our party gain  
A firmer foot in Venice ; if he fail,  
We gain Donato.

*Cel.* Say'st thou so ?

*Eriz.* I know him.  
He's of a temper kind, and quick, and warm ;  
A powerful partizan, but easily sway'd  
By flattery or anger. Of such tools  
Are Faction's ranks composed, not officered.  
Celso, we'll have this Doge unbonneted,  
This Doge who wears his load of four-score years  
Easier than I my forty. He contemns  
Me and my brother nobles : he may learn

To know and fear our power. I tell you, Sir,  
These brows of mine do ache for that same bonnet,  
And ere this day be ended——

*Cel.* 'Tis, my Lord,

A golden moment. The young Foscari  
Is safe with Sforza in the Milan wars.

*Eriz.* Would I were sure of that ! This is indeed  
The only moment. Celso, I have here,  
How intercepted boots not, letters from  
Both generals to the Senate. They have gained  
A signal victory ; Brescia is freed ;  
And Sforza gives the unshared unmingled praise  
To Foscari. We must unthroned the Doge  
Ere this news reach the city ; for the people  
Adore the Foscari. Faugh ! I am weary  
Of this good Doge, this venerable Doge,  
This popular Doge, this Doge who courts and wooes  
The noisy rabble, whilst the Senators  
He elbows from their seats. And for the son,  
With his hot valour and proud lack of pride—  
I hate them both. We must not lose an hour—  
The people must not hear—

*Cel.* The Senate hates them.

*Eriz.* Aye, but the Senate—

*Cel.* Well, my Lord, the Senate—

*Eriz.* Fy ! I am one of them ; I must not tell  
The secrets of the Council. We are not  
So stubborn as we seem ; the popular voice  
Finds there an echo ; and besides the Doge  
Hath friends. Here comes one.

*Enter Count Zeno.*

A fair morning to you.

Count Zeno. I have scarcely seen you since  
Your lingering sickness. You look cheerily.



*Zeno.* The air of this new day is sweet and freshening,  
And breathes a health into the veins. I trust  
You need no renovating; yet to step  
From a sick bed and a dark silent room  
Into the pure and balmy air of June,  
With the bright sun lighting so blue a sky,  
And sparkling on the waters all around,  
Full of the living noise of trade or mirth,  
Air, earth, and sea all motion—it is like  
Returning from the tomb to this fair world  
Of life and sunshine! Such delight is well  
Worth a sharp fever.

*Eriz.* Nevertheless am I  
Content with your report. A homelier joy  
Suffices me.

*Zeno.* You are the happier man.  
Are you for the palace?

*Eriz.* No. We wait a friend.

*Zeno.* Then I must say good morrow. I am somewhat  
In haste to-day.

*Eriz.* Good morrow, Count. [Exit *Zeno.*  
That man

Wears in his courtly smile the consciousness  
Of his high influence—the prime favourite he!  
Did you not see how graciously he stooped  
To me his equal, even as he had been  
Himself a prince—proud minion!—Doge, beware!  
Beware!—Look, look, Donato too hath found  
A check? See how he chafes! See!

*Enter Donato.*

*Don.* Take thy paper!  
I am refused. Good morrow!

*Eriz.* Nay, come back.

Can this be possible? Refused! Donato  
Refused by Foscari!

*Don.* I was a fool  
To ask;—a double fool to pin my faith  
Upon this Doge's ermine.

*Celso.* I regret  
More than my failure the indignity——

*Don.* Forget it, Sir.——How go these Milan wars?—  
I say, Erizzo, could'st thou have believed  
The proudest he in Venice would have dared  
To treat me with such scorn?

*Eriz.* What! did he scorn thee?

*Don.* He chid me, schooled me, blamed my easy  
temper,  
That lent an ear to every cunning tale,  
A voice to every false designing knave.

*Cel.* Dared he!

*Don.* And this to me! Why art thou not  
Amazed, Erizzo?

*Eriz.* No. It but confirms  
What I have heard and scarce believed. The Doge  
Is grown so old that he forgets his friends.  
Men say—it can't be true—and yet men say—

*Don.* What?

*Eriz.* That the Doge repents his son's betrothment  
To thy Camilla.

*Don.* He shall never wed her.  
Sir, if this Doge were king of all the earth  
He might have found a higher, prouder title  
In father to Camilla! They are free.  
Camilla's claims shall never interrupt——  
What is his project?

*Eriz.* Our great enemy,

The Duke of Milan, hath a young, fair daughter,  
And she, they say——

*Don.* Tush! I have seen her, man!  
A dark-browed wench, a beetle-browed,—no more  
To match with my Camilla than that Gondola  
With the Bucentaur!—I will back, and tell him  
That Foscari is free. Mine own Camilla!  
My prattling, pretty one! I'll back and tell him.

*Eriz.* No; rather come with me. What I have said  
Is hearsay or conjecture; what is true  
Is the misgovernment, the public wrongs  
Of this old Foscari, too old to sway  
The power of Venice. This is not a place  
For such discourse. Come with me to my palace.

*Don.* I thought he loved my daughter!

*Cel.*

Thou art sure.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Ducal Palace. The Doge and  
Count Zeno.*

*Zeno.* Good morrow to your Highness.

*Doge.* Dearest Zeno,  
This is no common pleasure. Thou the latest  
Of our late revellers, whom the sun scarce sees  
Till half his course be run—

*Zeno.* Oh! good my Lord,  
I meet him often ere I go to bed,  
The bright reproachful tell-tale!

*Doge.* To see thee,  
But lately risen from a sharp sickness too,  
Afoot so early! There must be some cause,  
Some kind or pleasant cause—What brings thee, Count?



*Zeno.* This letter !

*Doge.* No petition for the post  
Vacant by poor Venoni's death ?

*Zeno.*

Oh ! no.

*Doge.* I should have grieved within one little hour  
To say twice No to two dear friends. You met  
Donato ?

*Zeno.* Yes, so chafed he saw me not.  
Your Highness knows his temper.

*Doge.* And I fear  
Tried it too much. He asked of me that office  
For a known villain, an unusual compound  
Of ruffian and of knave, the follower  
Of his kinsman Count Erizzo.

*Zeno.* Then the Count  
Was waiting for Donato. I am grieved  
He should be so companioned.

*Doge.* He flung from me  
Ere I could tell him that the post was given  
To Signor Loredano, a ripe scholar  
Pining in penury, at the pressing instance  
Of his own son.

*Zeno.* Cosmo ! How like is that  
To his unwearied kindness.

*Doge.* There is not,  
Unless I may except my Foscari,  
A youth in Venice who can vie in aught  
With Cosmo.

*Zeno.* And they are as different  
As the bright sun and gentle moon, the sea  
In sparkling motion and the quiet land.  
The one a stirring, brave and honest soldier,  
The other a pale student.

*Doge.*

Bless them both

My noble boys! They have always loved like brothers,  
And soon I hope my pretty sweet Camilla  
Will give them that dear title.

*Zeno.* Have you had  
Tidings of Foscari lately?

*Doge.* Not for long,  
Longer than common.

*Zeno.* Last night at St. Mark's  
There was a rumour floating—none could trace  
Its source—of a great victory obtained  
By Foscari and Sforza.

*Doge.* Heaven grant it!  
Sure we shall hear to day.—Now dearest Count,  
What is your will? You led the old man on  
To talk of his dear children, till in sooth  
He had forgotten the whole world. Now say  
What is that scroll?

*Zeno.* My lord—I almost fear—  
Dost thou believe in soothsayers?

*Doge.* No!—Yes!—  
Not much. Why dost thou ask?

*Zeno.* Wilt thou not answer?

*Doge.* Count Zeno, thou art one to whom, being wise,  
A wise man may confess the cherished folly  
That lurks within his breast. But tell it not  
To fools, good Zeno.

*Zeno.* Then thou dost believe?

*Doge.* I have some cause. What! didst thou never hear  
Of the old prediction that was verified  
When I became the Doge?

*Zeno.* An old prediction!

*Doge.* Some seventy years ago—it seems to me  
As fresh as yesterday—being then a lad  
No higher than my hand, idle as an heir,

And all made up of gay and truant sports,  
I flew a kite unmatched in shape or size  
Over the river—we were at our house  
Upon the Brenta then ; it soared aloft  
Driven by light vigorous breezes from the sea,  
Soared buoyantly, till the diminished toy  
Grew smaller than the falcon when she stoops  
To dart upon her prey. I sent for cord,  
Servant on servant hurrying, till the kite  
Shrank to the size of a beetle : still I called  
For cord, and sent to summon father, mother,  
My little sisters, my old halting nurse,—  
I would have had the whole world to survey  
Me and my wondrous kite. It still soared on,  
And I stood bending back in extasy,  
My eyes on that small point, clapping my hands,  
And shouting, and half envying it the flight  
That made it a companion of the stars,  
When close beside me a deep voice exclaimed—  
Aye, mount ! mount ! mount !—I started back, and saw  
A tall and aged woman, one of the wild  
Peculiar people whom wild Hungary sends  
Roving through every land. She drew her cloak  
About her, turned her black eyes up to Heaven,  
And thus pursued:—Aye, like his fortunes, mount,  
The future Doge of Venice ! And before  
For very wonder any one could speak  
She disappeared.

*Zeno.*                    Strange ! Hast thou never seen  
That woman since ?

*Doge.*                    I never saw her more.  
After a slight brief search, the wonder sank  
Into a jest. My mother for a while  
Called me her pretty Doge, her madcap Doge,



And rang a thousand fondling changes through  
On that proud title ; and my sisters long  
Talked of the tall Hungarian. None believed  
But my old nurse.

*Zeno.* And thou?

*Doge.* Long time in me  
The seeds of faith lay dormant ; till at last  
As youth's gay wildness sobered, and ambition  
Grew stronger in my soul, the prophecy  
Knocked at my thoughts, and I by fits believed  
That which I wished were true. Now for thy scroll ;—  
Whence comes it ?

*Zeno.* . . . . . Even such an aged crone,  
So tall, so habited, stayed me last night  
At my own door, and with an earnest voice,  
Her shaking hand prest on my arm, implored  
That, as I loved the good Doge Foscari,  
I would at his first waking give him this.

*Doge.* She must be dead! Full seventy years ago—  
And then her locks were grizzled!—She is dead.  
And what, at fourscore years, have I to do  
With fate or fortune! My long race is run.

*Zeno.* Read it at least.

*Doge. (reads.)* “The ducal bonnet trembles on thy  
“brow, Doge of Venice, trembles—and will fall, though  
“the stars themselves shew me not when. Grant the  
“first boon that shall be asked of thee to-morrow, or  
“before the next sun rises thy very heart shall be rent  
“in twain.”

Grant the first boon! Why, my good Signor Celso,  
This is too palpable. Grant the first boon!  
Make thee the Procurator! Fy! Fy! Fy!  
Erizzo's talent hath forsaken him;  
This cheat is shallow. They have heard the tale

I told thee, and this paltry poor device—  
Off to the waves and winds !

*Zeno.* Yet hath the count  
A party in the state ; and for Donato,  
Kind, hasty, generous and beloved, his power  
May vie with thine.

*Doge.* But never will be used  
Against me, Zeno. I should hate myself  
Could I suspect Donato. Count, we'll go  
Together to the Senate. Thou shalt see  
The quick relenting of his sudden wrath,  
His graceful self-rebuke, his honest love.

*Zeno.* I'll gladly be converted.

*Doge.*

Doubt him not.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Donato Palace.*

*Camilla and Laura.*

*Camilla.* Laura, hast thou seen Cosmo ?

*Laura.*

Not to day.

*Cam.* Sure he'll not cheat us of his early smiles,  
His gay good-morrow, that best joy of home  
When dear friends meet in morning cheerfulness.

*Lau.* And such a cheerfulness ! and such a smile !  
None are like his.

*Cam.* None ! Hast thou never seen  
The heaven of kindness that in Foscari's eyes  
Shines under those dark brows ? And I'm the sister  
Of that dear Cosmo, the selected bride  
Of that still dearer Foscari ! Oh, cousin  
I am the blesseddest creature that e'er trod

This laughing earth ! There is but only one  
Can hope to be so happy ;—thou, perchance  
When Cosmo——

*Enter Cosmo.*

We were speaking of thee.

*Cos.* Well,  
I trust fair maids. My gentle lady Laura,  
Say yes to that.

*Cam.* Feed not man's vanity ;  
Let not thy blushes answer.

*Cos.* Sister mine,  
'Tis thou art clothed in blushes. Why the dawn  
Opening her ardent eyes, and shaking wide  
Her golden locks on the Adriatic wave,  
The bright Aurora, she is sad and pale  
And spiritless compared to thee. Hast thou  
Been Psyche's errand ? Or hath some fair vision  
Lapt thee in loveliness ?

*Cam.* I think I dreamt  
Of heaven ; for I was in a place where care  
And fear and sorrow came not, self-sustained  
On wings such as the limner's cunning lends  
To the Seraphim, and singing like a bird  
From the deep gladness of a merry heart  
The whole night long. And when the morning came  
And I awakened in this work-day world,  
The spell was on me still ; and still is on  
The buoyancy, the joy, the certain hope  
Of happiness. Brother, are there no news  
Of Foscari ?

*Cos.* None certain. Yet is there  
A balmyness of hope ; and stirring rumours  
Come pattering round us, with a pleasant sound,



Like the large drops before a summer shower.

They talk of Foscari and victory——

*Cam.* There hath then been a battle. Is he safe?

*Cos.* As safe as I myself.

*Cam.* Fy! what a fool

Am I to tremble so! And art thou sure?

*Cos.* There is no certainty, but such a hope  
As is her forerunner. Hath not my father  
Heard of this victory?

*Lau.* He hath been long  
Gone to the palace, and wished you to follow.

*Cos.* Gladly. I have a good man's gratitude  
To pay to the good Doge. I must away  
Or I shall miss the Senate.

*Cam.* Thou wilt send  
The tidings, Cosmo?

*Cos.* Surely.

*Cam.* Quickly?

*Cos.* Yes.

*Cam.* Good tidings, Cosmo.

*Cos.* Yes. My pretty cousin  
Hast thou no charge to give?

*Lau.* Why bring this tale,  
This happy tale thyself.

*Cam.* Aye come thyself  
Dear Cosmo, and farewell. *[Exit Cosmo.]*

Now Laura mine  
Let us to the high balcony. I need  
Fresh air and sun and sparkling sights and sounds  
To help sustain this happiness, this hope,  
Which weighs almost like fear. My dearest, come.

*[Exeunt.]*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*The Senate.*

*Count Erizzo, Donato and Senators.*

*Eriz.* He rules us as a king—this Foscari,  
An absolute king, haughty and imbecile  
As any Eastern sovereign! He degrades  
The old Nobility, contemns the Senate,  
And cringes to the people—a mob courtier!  
A greedy swallower of popular praise!

*Sen.* He hates the Nobles.

*Eriz.* But this very day  
Did he refuse to my dear kinsman here  
A post, that he requested for a man  
Who long hath served the state.

*Sen.* Refuse Donato!

*Eriz.* Even so. He is of the Senate, is the head  
Of an old powerful house, is rich, is noble,  
Is nobly loved. Are not these crimes enough  
To stir our Doge's wrath?

*Don.* No more of this!

*Eriz.* Then his misgovernment, his tedious wars,  
His waste of blood and treasure, that his son,  
That idol of the soldiery, may glut

His lust of glorious battle ! Senators,  
Why should we thus submit to what we hate ?  
Why bow to whom we made ? The Doge is now  
Too old for his high office. Good my lords,  
Let us resume our power. Is there no brow  
In Venice that may bear this ducal crown  
Save one ? Will it not sit as gracefully  
On vigorous manhood's clustering curls ? On thine,  
Donato ? Or, Pisani, upon thine ?  
Or any man of us ? Lords, have ye changed  
Your purpose ? That the Doge may be deposed  
Is the fixed law of Venice. Are ye firm ?  
This is the moment.

*Sen.* He must be unthroned.

*Eriz.* Then be it done to-day.

*2d Sen.* I'll join thee, Count.

*3d Sen.* And I.

*Eriz.* Donato, thou wilt best propose——

*Don.* Oh no ! He hath been harsh——but I have  
loved him——

We are old friends.

*Sen.* Do it thyself, Erizzo.

*Don.* But gently, reverently.

*Enter Doge, Count Zeno, and other Senators.*

*Doge.* My gracious lords

I greet ye well ! We are no truants, sirs,  
This full assemblage honours our fair Venice,  
Honours her senators. Signor Donato——  
Nay shun me not——That post was promised to——  
Thou wilt not hear ! I have too often borne  
With thy infirmity. Forget not, sir,  
That thou'rt my friend, or I must needs remember  
That I'm thy prince. Now to our business, lords.



*Eriz.* Are there no letters from the army?

*Doge.*

None.

But there is through the city a loud bruit  
Of victory.

*Eriz.* In a well ordered state  
There is no pause for rumour; certainty  
Outspeeds her lying rival.

*Doge.* Think'st thou, count,  
That my old heart is quiet in this pause?  
Thou hast no boy in yonder battle field,  
Or thou would'st know how thirstily the soul  
Of a father pants in his suspense for truth,  
One single drop of sweet or bitter truth.

*Enter Cosmo.*

Who's that?

*Sen.* Cosmo Donato, please you, Sir.

*Doge.* Oh our young Secretary! Sit by me,  
I had just missed thee, Cosmo. Was thy friend  
Content?

*Cos.* Oh never gratitude was clothed  
In such pure joy. I would your Highness saw  
The happiness you caused.

*Doge.* Hush! Count Erizzo,  
You were about to speak.

*Eriz.* I was; and yet  
I gladly would delay, gladly resign  
A painful duty.

*Doge.* If it touch me, Sir,  
Speak.

*Eriz.* Is there not, my lord, a law in Venice,  
That if the Doge, by sickness, grief, or age,  
Become incapable, he be removed?

*Doge.* There is. Say on.

*Eriz.*

What need I to say more !

Know we not all the good Doge Foscari  
Is turned of fourscore years? Fitter for him  
To lay down the proud bonnet, which doth weigh  
So heavily on those white hairs, and pass  
In calm serene repose the evening hours  
Of his unsullied life. So shall his sun,  
Setting in tranquil beauty, leave a train  
Of pure and cloudless light ; so praised and loved  
Shall he sink down to rest.

*Doge.*

This is not all.

On, on, my lord !

*Eriz.*

Fitter for us a man

Who shall remember in this state of Venice  
There is another power great as himself,  
And greater than the people. Howsoe'er  
Thou hast the bearing, Doge, of a born prince,—  
To us thy subjects, thou art but the head  
Of the Venetian nobles. Thy proud rank  
Was given by them, thy equals. Each great name  
That now surrounds thee hath in turn adorned  
Thy splendid office. Not a noble house  
But is a link in the resplendent chain  
Of old Venetian story. We are born  
Lords of the Adriatic ; not a name  
But hath been vowed her spouse. Think not such names  
Are common sounds ; they have a music in them,  
An odorous recollection, they are part  
Of the old glorious past. Their country knows  
And loves the lofty echo which gives back  
The memory of the buried great ; and we  
Their sons—Oh our own names are watchwords to us  
That call to valour and to victory,  
To goodness and to freedom. This hast thou

Forgotten. Every creeping artisan,  
Every hard-handed smoky slave is nearer  
To our great Doge than we : to them all smiles  
And princely graciousness—to us all frowns  
And kingly pride. Fitter for us a Doge  
Of a congenial spirit, to preside  
Over our councils, and to guard and guide  
The Senate and the State.

*Zeno.* Perhaps *Erizzo*  
Would deign to wear this care-encompassed crown?  
*Fy! Fy!*

*Eriz.* My voice is for Donato, Sir!

*Cos.* My father Doge of Venice? Never! Never!  
He will not, must not, shall not. All the world  
Would join in one reproach; the very stones  
Of Venice would cry out; and we, his children—  
Oh we should die of grief and shame! What he  
Supplant his friend, his dearest friend? Oh never!  
Father, thou wilt not?

*Sen.* Silence!

*Eriz.* Signor Cosmo  
Thou art not yet a Senator.

*Cos.* My lords,  
I pray your pardon; but if I had seen  
A venomed serpent coiling round his limbs  
And pressing him within its deadly clasp,  
Would ye have blamed the cry that Nature sent?—  
Thou wilt not be the Doge?

*Don.* Never!

*Cos.* My father  
Forgive me that I feared. How could I fear!  
Forgive me.

*Doge.* Noble boy!—Hast thou said all?  
That I am old, and that I love the people?



Are these my crimes? Oh I am doubly guilty!  
I love them all, even ye that love me not!  
I cannot chuse but love ye, for ye are  
Venetians, quick, and proud, and sparkling eyed,  
Venetians, brave and free. Ye are the lords  
Of the bright sea-built city, beautiful  
As storied Athens; or the gorgeous pride  
Of Rome, eternal Rome; greater than kings  
Are ye Venetian nobles—ye are free;  
And that is greatness and nobility,  
The source and end of power. That I have made  
Liberty common as the common air,  
The sun-light, or the rippling waves that wash  
Our walls; that every citizen hath been  
Free as a Senator; that I have ruled  
In our fair Venice, as a father rules  
In his dear household, nothing intermitting  
Of needful discipline, but quenching fear  
In an indulgent kindness; these ye call  
My crimes. They are my boasts. Yes, I do love  
The honest artizans; there's not a face  
That smiles up at me with a kindly eye  
But sends a warmth into my heart, a glow  
Of buoyant youthfulness. Age doth not freeze  
Our human sympathies; the sap fails not  
Although the trunk be rugged. Age can feel,  
And think, and act. Oh noble Senators,  
Ye do mistake my crime. I am too young;  
I am not like to die; and they who wait  
Wax weary for my seat. I do not dote,  
My lord Erizzo; Yet— (Shouts without.)

Foscari! Foscari!

*Doge.* What mean those shouts?

*Cos.*

Francesco Foscari!

There lives no other, whom a grateful people  
Would greet as with one heart.

*Enter Foscari.*

*Zeno.* My Lord Francesco !

*Doge.* My son, my very son ! Now I am young  
And great and happy ! Now I reign again,  
My noblest son !

*Fos.* Father ! Why this, is joy  
Deeper than victory ! Dost feel my heart ?

*Doge.* Art thou unhurt ?

*Fos.* Untouched. I almost shame  
To want one glorious scar. How well he is !  
What fire is in his eyes ! Cosmo, thou too !—  
But I have tidings that the Doge must hear  
Upon his throne. High tidings, gracious lords !  
My father,—take thy state.

*Eriz. (aside)* Lost ! lost ! All lost !  
Another hour and that most hated boy  
Had been most welcome !

*Fos. (to Cosmo)* Still as lovely, Cosmo ?  
And still as true ?

*Cos.* Yes ! Yes !

*Fos.* Will not the Doge  
Assume the accustomed seat ?

*Doge.* My son, these lords,  
These Senators, these mighty ones of Venice  
Have found thy father old. Hadst thou returned  
Some half hour later, thou hadst seen the throne  
Filled by Donato, or his cousin Count.  
Which hath thy voice, Francesco ?

*Fos.* Thou not Doge !  
Erizzo climb into thy honoured seat,  
Honoured by thee ! Or thou, Donato, thou

Join with this false, ungrateful, heartless senate,  
This shadow and this mockery of wisdom,  
To cast aside the best and truest heart  
That ever made our Venice rich and proud  
And great and happy, to throw off thy Prince  
Like an old garment! Shame! Thou that didst call  
Thyself his friend! Shame! shame! My dearest Cosmo,  
This was a grief to thee. Oh shame! shame! shame!

*Don.* Rated again, and by a boy! I tell thee  
I would not be the Doge.

*Zeno.* My Lord Francesco,  
Thy tidings.

*Fos.* Take thy state, Doge Foscari.  
From thee did I receive my maiden sword,  
From thee my high commission; to none other  
Will I resign them. Senators of Venice!  
Ingrates! I bring ye victory and peace.  
Victorious peace! Brescia is free, and Milan  
Sues at your feet for peace. Her haughty Duke  
Is Sforza's prisoner,—my prisoner, Doge,  
And Sforza weds his heir.

*Don.* Ha!

*Fos.* (*giving letters to the Doge*) Eight days hence  
He will be here. See what he writes, my lord.  
The Senate is amazed; yet from the field  
We sent ye somewhat of this glorious tale.

*Eriz.* Those letters reached not Venice.

*Fos.* Count Erizzo,  
I met the messenger, and staid my horse  
To ask him of my father. He had stopt  
Short of the palace, but had safely given  
The packet to a Senator. Erizzo,  
Thou wast the man. Look at him, ye that ever  
Saw guilt ooze out in shame! Nay, tremble not;



I pardon thee. There is no other vengeance  
For low dishonour. It would stain my sword  
To dip it in thy blood.

*Eriz.* My Lord Francesco,  
I yet may find a time——

*Fos.* I pardon thee.

*Doge.* Sforza says here, this Brescian victory  
Was gained by thee. Zeno, read there—just there.

*Fos.* Here is the treaty, Doge; already signed  
By Milan, Sforza, and myself: add thou  
Thy venerable name, Doge Foscari.  
So—having crowned a long and glorious reign  
With glorious peace, let me, thy son, pluck off  
This envied bonnet from thy honoured head.  
Wear it the worthiest! Never will it clip  
Within its golden circlet such high thoughts,  
Such a brave love of freedom, such a warm  
And generous faith in man. Proud lords of Venice,  
Ye ne'er deserved him. My good sword, lie there!  
I am no more your general. Pass we forth  
Together, my dear Father, private men—  
Rich in the only wealth the world can give,  
A spotless name.

*Doge.* Richest in thee. Nay, Zeno!

*Zeno.* Ye must not leave us, lords. Doge, if again  
We had to chuse, our choice again would fall  
On Foscari. Is't not so?

*Eriz.* (*apart to a Sen.*) Sail with the stream——  
Foscari!—I'll find a time——

*Senators.* Foscari! Foscari!

*Doge.* One still is silent.

*Cos.* Now, my Father, now!  
For thy fame's sake.

*Don.* On Foscari.

*Cos.* Thanks ! thanks !  
Now dare I look upon that reverend face,  
And grasp this hand again.

*Fos.* Did we not know thee !

*Doge.* Senators, countrymen, at your behest  
I wear once more the crown.

*Fos.* Oh, no ! no ! no !  
Bear not again that burthen.

*Doge.* My Francesco,  
Take up thy sword again, thy knightly sword—  
I am too proud of thee !—thy stainless sword !  
Now, good my lords, our fellow-citizens  
Must be made happy in this glorious tale.  
First to proclaim the peace ; then, with meek hearts,  
Lowlily, with a steadfast thankfulness  
Pour out our homage to the Lord of Peace  
In his own temple. This high duty o'er,  
I bid ye to the palace ; we must grace  
Our soldier with some revelry. Donato,  
Thou wilt be there, and Cosmo—will ye not ?  
And our Camilla, lady of the feast,  
And of the heart. Come to us, dear Donato.

*Eriz.* (*apart to Don.*) Are all his taunts forgotten ?

*Don.* No ! I cannot.

*Doge.* Think better of it, Zeno !—Follow soon,  
Francesco !—Zeno, is this storm the end  
Of our dark prophecy ? [*Exeunt Doge, Zeno & Senators.*

*Fos.* Signor Donato,  
I have a feeling here of deep old love  
That tells me I have wronged thee. If I have,  
Forgive me !

*Cos.* Father, canst thou turn away  
When Foscari speaks those words which mortal ear  
Ne'er heard him utter ?

*Fos.* If I did mistake,  
'Twas in my Father's cause ; 'twas such a wrong  
As Cosmo would have done for thee. Forgive me,  
For her dear sake.

*Eriz. (to Don.)* Remember, "Shame !"

*Don.* Erizzo,  
Think'st thou I can forget ! Not even for her.  
Stay me not, Cosmo. [*Exit Donato.*]

*Cos.* Go, for I can trust  
Thy kind heart, Father ! Love, who is so strong  
In gentleness. Love and his bondman Time  
Will conquer anger. We must now submit.  
To-morrow——

*Fos.* Oh ! what a long life of love  
Must I give up ! To-morrow ! I am here,  
Here in this happy Venice, which she makes  
The palace of her beauty, where the air  
Is sweetened by her breath, and her young voice  
Floats on the breeze like music. I am here——  
Divided from her but by envious walls,  
Clouds that conceal my sun. Had'st thou but seen  
How I urged on my mettled courser's speed,  
My matchless Barbary horse, till his pure jet  
Was pounced with snowy flakes ; or how I strove  
To graft my hot impatience on the dull  
And sluggish boatmen : or with what a stroke  
I cleft the water ; or how leapt ashore——

*Cos.* I can believe 't——

*Fos.* That I might sooner gain  
By one half hour her presence ! And to bear  
This longing till to-morrow ! Thou must say  
All this and more, much more, of love and hope  
And fond impatience. Tell her——

*Cos.*

Thou thyself



Shalt tell her these sweet things, mixed with a world  
Of lovers' eloquence, of looks and sighs,  
And broken words. Aye, Foscari, thou thyself!

*Fos.* But how? Where? When?

*Cos.* To night. For one short hour  
Steal from the feast its hero. My good father,  
Who, like a bird, fore-runs the summer sun,  
Seeks his nest early. Thou mayst ask for me  
And find Camilla.

*Fos.* Blessings on thee, friend!

*Eriz.* To night! [Exit.

*Fos.* We have a hearer.

*Cos.* He is gone.

*Fos.* Beware that smooth Erizzo, dearest Cosmo,  
Beware!

*Cos.* Nay, Foscari, let me caution thee  
Beware suspicion! Think him innocent  
Till thou hast proved him guilty. Blackening doubt  
Beseems not thy clear breast. Sweep it away.

*Fos.* Oh, how I love the beautiful mistakes  
Of thy unbounded charity! That man—  
Didst thou not see him whispering Donato?  
We will not think of him. Doth my Camilla  
Talk of me often?

*Cos.* Yes.

*Fos.* Oh, I was sure!  
But it is such a joy to hear that yes!  
Doth she—— (Shouts without.)

*Cos.* Hark! thou art called. The citizens  
Demand their General. Go!

*Fos.* I'd rather face  
An enemy in battle.

*Cos.* Thou wast wont  
To love the people, Foscari.

*Fos.* I would drain  
The last drop in my veins for them and freedom ;  
But these loud shouts, this popular acclaim,  
This withering, perishing blast of vulgar praise,  
Whose noisy echoes do shake off the flush  
Of Fame's young blossoms—Oh, I hate them all !  
True honour should be silent, spotless, bright,  
Enduring ; trembling even at the breath  
That woos her beauty.

*Cos.*

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Erizzo Palace.*

*Count Erizzo entering.*

*Eriz.* Seek Signor Celso.—Baffled, spurned, con-  
temned,  
Pardoned—the insolent ! But he shall feel——  
All lost ! For old Donato, shallow fool,  
Hath in his anger a relenting spirit  
And will yield easy way at the first tear  
The fair Camilla sheds—the very first !  
She hath but to cry Father, and to hang  
About his neck and his light wrath will melt  
Like snowflakes in that rain. How the dull Senate  
Cowered at the haughty soldier's feet ! Even I——  
Thinks he I too can pardon ! He shall find  
My hate immortal. Nothing stands between  
Me and the crown but Foscari. To-night——  
This Celso, as I have good cause to know,  
Can wield a dagger well—to-night he goes  
To meet his lady love—to-night—alone—  
I can detain young Cosmo.

*Enter Celso.*

Celso, friend,  
Thou comest at a wish. Where hast thou been?

*Cel.* Where I am stunned with shouts of Foscari,  
And dazzled with the glare of tinselled gauds  
Hung out to honour him. The palaces  
Are clothed with tissues, velvets, cloths of gold  
And richer tapestry. The canals all strewed  
With floating flowers, through which dark gondolas  
Dart as through some bright garden. All is lost,  
And I must leave dear Venice. Count, farewell!

*Eris.* Why must thou go?

*Cel.* Ask my hard creditors.

*Eris.* Celso, I have a thousand ducats here  
For him that rids me of a clinging plague.

*Cel.* A thousand ducats!

*Eris.* Hast thou still thy dagger?  
In, and I'll tell thee more. This very night!

*[Exeunt.]*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.



## ACT III.



## SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Donato Palace.*

*Donato, Camilla and Laura.*

*Laura.* Camilla, why so drooping?

*Cam.* This hath been  
A long and weary day ; there is a heat,  
A gloom, a heavy closeness. See, this rose  
Is withering too, that was so fresh and fair—  
The white musk-rose—that which he used to love.

*Laura.* It was no day for Venice. 'Twould have been  
A calm sweet stillness in our country home,  
Bowered amid green leaves and growing flowers,  
With fragrant airs about us, and soft light,  
And rustling birds.

*Don.* The sky portends a storm.  
To bed, Camilla !

*Cam.* Father ! dearest father,  
Have I displeased thee ?

*Don.* No ! To bed ! To bed !  
Laura, good night.

[*Exit.*

*Cam.* He used to call me child,  
His dearest child ; and when I grasped his hand  
Would hold me from him with a long fond gaze,

And stroke my hair and kiss my brow, and bid  
Heaven bless his sweet Camilla! And to night  
Nought but to bed! to bed!

*Laura.* Believe it, Cousin,  
A thing of accident.

*Cam.* And Cosmo comes not;  
He sends not to me—he that never broke  
His plighted word before! And Laura! Laura!  
Foscari is in Venice, is returned  
Triumphant, and he comes not, sends not, Laura!  
And when I ask of him my father frowns  
Sternly on his poor child.

*Re-enter Donato.*

*Don.* My pretty-one,  
I could not go to rest, till I had said  
Heaven bless thee!

*Cam.* My dear father!

*Don.* What is this?  
A tear?

*Cam.* Oh! gratitude and love and joy  
Are in that tear, dear father!—and one doubt—  
One fear—

*Don.* Sweetest, good night!

*Cam.* Foscari, father?

*Don.* To bed my own Camilla! [*Exit.*

*Cam.* Not a word.

*Laura.* Something works in him deeply.

*Cam.* Yet how kind,  
How exquisitely fond! Cosmo must know,  
And, Laura, Cosmo never flies from thee,  
And thou may'st ask—

*Laura.* I will, I will, sweet Coz!  
Look, dearest, at the glancing gondolas

Shooting along, each with its little light,  
Like stars upon the water. Whither go they?

*Cam.* To the proud Ducal Palace, where they hold  
High feasting in his honour. There the dance,  
And the quaint masque, and music's softer strains  
Minister to his praises.

*Laura,* And the ear  
That would drink in so eagerly that sweet praise,  
The heart that would leap up at every sound  
Rejoicing, the glad eyes—Would thou wert there!

*Cam.* Ah! would I were, since Foscari is there;  
That is enough for me! Where'er he is,  
In tent or battle-field—Hark! what is that?  
That music? Oh 'tis he! 'tis Foscari!  
Dost thou not know the strain, the wandering strain,  
Trembling and floating like a spirit's song,  
With many a—Hark again!—'Tis he! 'tis he!  
That air belongs to him even as a name  
It thrills my very heart. Am I not pale?

*Laura.* No; the bright blood floats trembling in thy  
cheek,  
Most like that wandering music.

*Cam.* There is pain  
In this excess of joy.

*Laura.* He comes.

*Enter Foscari.*

*Fos.* Camilla!  
Sweetest Camilla!

*Cam.* Thou art come at last  
Francesco!

*Fos.* My Camilla—Come at last!  
Why this is chiding! Can'st thou chide, Camilla?

*Laura.* Aye, or she were no woman.



*Fos.* Lady Laura!

Forgive me that I saw you not. Camilla,  
Chide on—nay thou art smiling—Come begin!  
I'd rather hear thy chidings than the praise  
Of all the world beside. Let me but hear  
Thy voice, whate'er thou speakest.

*Cam.* Dear Francesco,  
Thou hast been long away.

*Fos.* Oh very long!

*Cam.* And where?

*Fos.* Away from thee. That is enough;  
Where thou art not I keep no count of place  
Nor time, nor speech, nor act.

*Cam.* Yet tell me where.

*Fos.* Where I have dreamt of courts and camps and  
fields  
Of glorious battle. A long weary dream  
To him, who loves to bask him in thy smiles,  
And live upon thy words.

*Cam.* Yet hast thou lost  
Ten weary hours to-day.

*Fos.* Why this, indeed,  
Is chiding, my Camilla. I have been  
At the Palace, at the Senate hall, at Church,  
Have undergone a grand procession, love,  
And a long dreary feast.

*Cam.* And is that all?

*Fos.* And is not that enough? Would'st thou crowd in  
More tediousness? Oh thou unmerciful!

*Cam.* But why not first—sure he is thinner, Laura,  
Thinner and paler?

*Laura.* Nay, he is the same.

*Cam.* Why not first come to me?

*Fos.* Perhaps I love

To visit my heart's treasure by that light  
When misers seek their buried hoards ; to steal  
Upon the loved one, like a mermaid's song,  
Unseen and floating between sea and sky ;  
To creep upon her in love's loveliest hour,  
Not in her daylight beauty with the glare  
Of the bright sun around her, but thus pure  
And white and delicate, under the cool moon  
Or lamp of alabaster. Thus I love  
To think of thee, Camilla ; thus with flowers  
About thee and fresh air, and such a light,  
And such a stillness ; thus I dream of thee,  
Sleeping or waking.

*Cam.* Dost thou dream of me ?

*Fos.* Do I ! without that lovely mockery,  
That sweet unreal joy, how could I live  
When we are parted ? Do I dream of thee !  
Dearest, what ails thee ? Thou art not to night  
As thou art wont, thine eyes avoid my gaze,  
Thy white hand trembles and turns cold in mine.  
What ails thee, dearest ? Hast thou heard——What fear  
Disturbs thee thus, Camilla ?

*Cam.* I will tell thee.  
Cosmo is absent ; my dear father grieved ;  
There is high feasting in thy princely home  
And I not there ; and thou not here till now,  
At midnight, when my father sleeps, and Cosmo  
Is still away. Are ye all friends ? Say Foscari  
The very truth.

*Fos.* Well ! Thou shalt hear the truth.  
Cheer thee ! 'Tis nought to weep for. At the Senate  
There were to-day some hasty words.—Erizzo,  
Thy subtle kinsman, he was most to blame—  
I was too hot, too rash ; but I implored

Donato's pardon, and am half forgiven ;  
Though yielding to the crafty Count, he shunned  
To sup with us to-night.

*Cam.* Ah ! I had feared—

*Fos.* There is no cause for fear. This sudden storm  
Is but a July shower that sweeps away  
The o'erblown roses. Cosmo is our friend,  
Our truest warmest friend ; and well thou know'st  
Thy father's kindly heart ; he loves thee so ;  
Aye, and he loves me too ; and he shall love me  
Better than ever.

*Laura.* He shall love ! Lord Foscari  
Thou'rt a true soldier. Wilt thou conquer love ?

*Fos.* Surely.

*Laura.* And how ?

*Fos.* By love, and gratitude,  
And deep respect, and true observance, Laura.  
Shake not thy head, Camilla. He shall love me.  
What is he not thy father ! Smile on me.  
Think'st thou that if I feared to lose thee I  
Should be thus tranquil ? [Exit Laura.]

*Cam.* No. But at my heart  
There is a heavy sense of coming pain,  
A deep and sad foreboding.

*Fos.* Thou hast been  
Vexed to-day, sweetest, and thy weary thoughts  
Tinge the bright future with the gloomy past.

*Cam.* Well, be it so. And yet I would to heaven  
That this one night were over !—Where is Laura ?

*Fos.* She glided off, with a kind parting smile,  
And a quick sparkle in her eye, that said  
Ye will not miss me !

*Cam.* Aye, her merry glance ;



But we do miss her. 'Twas a saucy thought,  
My pretty gentle Laura!

*Fos.* She is grown.

*Cam.* Yes, tall and beautiful and rarely good.  
Oh 'tis the kindest heart! We think she'll make——  
What is that noise?

*Fos.* Nothing. A distant door.  
What startles thee, Camilla?

*Cam.* My own heart.  
Hark how it beats, painfully, fearfully!  
Hush! hush! Again that noise!

*Fos.* 'Tis thunder, love,  
And that hath stirred thy spirits. Cheer thee, dearest;  
A soldier's wife should be as brave as steel.  
What did'st thou say of Laura?

*Cam.* She will make  
A sweet wife for our Cosmo.

*Fos.* And doth he  
Love the young beauty?

*Cam.* He hath scarce forgot  
To treat her as a child, the dearest child,  
The loveliest and the gentlest,—but a child.  
Francesco, thou must praise her——Ha! again!  
That is no thunder-clap. My father's door!——  
Oh go! go! go!

*Fos.* My dear Camilla, no!  
Thou can'st not fear me, I will be as calm,  
As humble——

*Cam.* Go! go! go! I die with fear;——  
He is so rash, so sudden;—He will kill thee!

*Fos.* Here! Under his own roof! In thy dear sight!  
Thy own dear father!

*Cam.* He will part us, Foscari!  
Go!

*Fos.* Well, I go. But my Camilla——

*Cam.* Go!

*Fos.* Dearest, farewell!

*Cam.* Not that way!—That! there!  
there!

Leap from the window in the corridor,  
From the low balcony!

*Fos.* Farewell! [*Exit.*

*Cam.* I'm glad

That he is gone. Fear hath so mastered me  
I stumble on the level floor. Thank heaven  
They are both safe, my dearest Foscari,  
My dearest father! There's no danger now;  
And yet the night grows wilder. What a flash!  
And I have sent him forth into the storm,  
I, that so love him! I have sent him forth  
Into this awful storm! Protect him, Heaven!  
I thought I heard the window—Can those steps  
Be his?

*Don. (without)* Help! help! base traitor! Foscari!  
Murder!

*Enter Laura.*

*Laura.* What's that?

*Cam.* Undo the door—I cannot—  
Undo the door! My father! [*Exeunt.*

*Laura. (behind the scenes)* Who hath done  
This horrible deed?

*Cam. (behind the scenes)* My father! murder! murder!

## SCENE II.

*An illuminated Hall in the Ducal Palace.*

*Doge, Count Zeno, Ladies and Gentlemen.*

*Doge.* Now for some stirring air to wake the spirits  
Of mirth and motion. Sweet ones, to the dance!  
Where is this Foscari? Gentles, in my youth  
He had been held a recreant that forsook  
The revel, and the light of ladies' eyes,  
And play of twinkling feet. Degenerate boy!

*Gent.* Degenerate days! Ah! we could tell such tales  
Of the deep merriment, the gorgeous banquet,  
The high festivity of our old time!  
Thou may'st smile, Zeno, but his Highness knows  
Bright mirth is on the wane. Our puny sons  
Shew but faint flashes of their father's fire.

*Zeno.* Believe him not, fair maids! 'Tis but the vaunt  
Of vaunting age. Believe him not. Why, Moro,  
Thy father in those mirthful days hath said  
The same to thee, and his to him; yet still  
'Tis merry Venice. Forty years to come  
We, too, may boast us of our jovial prime,  
Nor yet the world grow sadder. Fear it not.  
His Highness will not join thee, Signor Moro;  
He is too youthful-hearted.

*Doge.* What a bribe  
Is that to aid thy cause! But Moro's right;  
We were fine gallants. Niece, I prythee see  
That all are welcomed. Where's thy sister Melfi?

*2nd Gent.* Not yet returned from Rome.

*Doge.*

I would have had



All the fair stars of Venice here to night  
Shining in one bright galaxy.

*Gent.* We miss  
Signor Donato's daughter.

*Doge.* Aye, indeed,  
My pretty sweet Camilla!—Fair Olivia,  
Let Trevisano lead thee to the dance.  
Were I one ten years younger, trust me, Sir,  
I'd not resign this hand. Now a light measure.

[*A Dance.*

Is't not a peerless nymph? The youngest Grace  
Leading her linked sisters through the maze  
Of blossom'd myrtles upon Ida's side,  
Is not so light of foot. Rest thee, dear maid.  
What is that? Thunder?

*Zeno.* Yes; a fearful storm.  
It rages awfully. Hark! there again!

*Doge.* Well; we must keep such coil of merriment  
As shall outroar the rattling storm.

*Enter Foscari.*

Ah, truant!

How wilt thou make thy peace?

*Fos.* I read no war  
In these fair looks.

*Zeno.* Peace is more perilous.

*Fos.* Aye, truly, Zeno.

*Zeno.* Whither hast thou been?  
Watching her lattice but to catch a glimpse  
Of the swift slender shadow that glides past  
So gracefully, clouding the soft dim light?

*Fos.* Pooh! Pooh!

*Zeno.* And with a true devotion bent  
Uncovered at her shrine? Why thou art wet!

This is some new device of gallantry,  
Some trick of Milan courtship.

*Fos.* Tush, man, tush!  
Ho! a brisk measure! Drown with merry notes  
Count Zeno's merry riddles! Wilt thou dance  
With me, dear lady? Do not say me No!

*Lady.* Oh, no!

*Fos.* Why that should mean Oh yes!

*Doge.* Good  
niece,

Will not the Lady Claudia join the dance?  
Seek her. I'm young and light enough to night  
To mingle there myself. What ails the music?  
Quicker! Why break they off? Dear Zeno ask.

*Fos.* Murdered! Impossible! I only left—  
I am myself—it cannot be. Play on!  
On with the dance!

*Gent.* Here is a man hath seen him,  
One who still shakes with fear.

*Fos.* Bring him to me!  
Where is he? Where?

*Doge.* Zeno, what is this tale?

*Zeno.* A tale of horror!

*Enter Erizzo.*

*Eriz.* Justice, Doge of Venice!  
A Senator lies reeking in his blood,  
Murdered in his own palace. Justice, Doge!

*Fos.* What Senator?

*Eriz.* Canst thou ask that? Donato.

*Doge.* Donato murdered! the beloved Donato!  
The second name of Venice! Mine old friend!  
Lords, to the council. This is not a tale  
For woman's gentleness. Good night to all.

[*Exeunt Ladies, and some Gentlemen.*]

Would he had ta'en my hand !

*Fos.*

He is not dead—

It must be false, it shall be !

*Eriz.*

What dost thou

Doubt of Donato's death? Thou ?

*Fos.*

Hearken, Doge !

His voice hath mockery in it, sharp and loud  
As the clear ring of metals : he speaks not  
As we, who heard the tale, in broken words  
And breathless ; his teeth chatter not ; his lips  
Are firm ; there is no trembling in his limbs,  
No glare in his keen eyes. None but a fiend,  
Fresh from the reek of murder, could so master  
The human sympathy, the fellowship  
Of Nature and of kind.

*Doge.*

Yet wherefore—

*Enter Cosmo.*

*Cos.*

Justice !

*Fos.* Beloved friend !

*Cos.*

Off! Off! I come for justice,

For equal justice !

*Doge.*

Thou shalt have it.

*Cos.*

Doge !

For equal justice !

*Doge.*

Was he not my friend ?

Am I not thine ?

*Cos.*

Aye—so the murderer said !—

Friend ! the word chokes me.

*Fos.*

Grief hath turned his brain.

*Doge.* Thou shalt have justice.

*Cos.*

'Tis no midnight thief,

No hired assassin, no poor petty villain;—

This is a fall, as of the morning star,



A death such as the first great slayer saw  
When Abel lay at his feet,—but I'll have justice!  
There be hearts here will crack, old valiant hearts  
When they shall hear this tale,—but I'll have justice!

*Doge.* Go some one call the guard.      [*Exit Erizzo.*  
Name the assassin.

*Cos.* Have I not! Whither doth he fly!

*Fos.* Camilla !

My poor Camilla !

*Cos.* Thine ! And the earth hears him  
And opens not her womb ! The heavens hear  
And launch no thunderbolts ! This work is mine.  
Hold firm my heart.—Cousin ! Erizzo !

*Enter Erizzo and Guard.*

*Eriz.* Seize

Francesco Foscari. Nay stand not thus  
Gazing on one another. Seize him. Doge,  
He is the murderer.

*Doge.* Away with thee,  
Traitor and slanderer ! He is my son——  
Stir not a man of ye !—My son, the idol  
Of city and of camp. His life hath been  
One blaze of honour. Come to my old arms,—  
Speak not a word—thy name is pledge enough  
My son !

*Eris.* Ye know your duty. Seize him, soldiers.

*Fos.* Approach me at your peril. Know you not  
This very morning how yon serpent lay  
Under my heel unbruised, a thing of scorn?  
Look not upon us, lords, with doubting eyes,  
Ye dare not doubt me—even to deny  
Is in some sort a stain!—My shield is bright.

Ye force me to these vaunts ! I could not think  
A crime.

*Eriz.* Bear hence the murderer. (*aside.*) Palsies  
wither

The cowardly arm and plotting brain that feared  
To strike him dead at once ! (*aloud*) Seize him, I say,

*Fos.* Now he that dares !

*Cos.* Francesco Foscari,  
I do arrest thee for this murder.

*Fos.* Thou !  
Come forth into the light ! Off with those plumes !  
Look at me ! Is this Cosmo ? Hath some fiend  
Put on that shape ? Speak to me !

*Cos.* Murderer !

*Fos.* To-day he called me brother !—Deal with me  
Even as ye will.

*Eriz.* Look to him, soldiers, well,  
That he escape not.

*Fos.* Sir, the Foscari  
Know not what that word means. I wait your pleasure.

*Cos.* Doge ! Doth he hear me ? Once I could have  
wept

For such a grief, for him ; now I am steeled  
By merciless misery, made pitiless  
By one that hath no pity. Look ! he stands  
With such a calm of virtue on his brow,  
As if he would outface the all-seeing God  
With that proud seeming. Foscari, the dead  
Shall cry aloud in heaven, and I on earth,  
Till vengeance overtake thee. Doge of Venice,  
I call on thee for justice on thy son.

*Fos.* Father !—Oh, start not !—I am innocent.  
Hear that, and breathe again. Sir, I commit  
My life, my honour, the unsullied name

Of my great ancestors, of him the greatest  
My living father—even his name I trust  
To my just cause, and the just laws of Venice.  
I am your prisoner.

[*Exeunt Foscari, guarded, Erizzo and Cosmo.*]

*Zeno.* Doge!

*Doge.* Those lights! Those lights!  
They pierce my eye-balls, dart into my brain!  
If there be any pity left i' the world  
Make me a darkness and a silence, Zeno,  
That I may pray.

*Zeno.* Lead to his chamber, Sirs.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.



## A C T IV.



## SCENE I.

*A Hall of Justice.*

*Cosmo, Erizzo, Senators, and Officers.*

*Erizzo.* Is all prepared for trial?

*Officer.*

All. The Doge

Approaches.

*Senator.* Will the Doge preside?

*2nd Senator.*

He comes.

How different from his step of yesterday!

How hurried, yet how slow!

*Enter Doge and Count Zeno.*

*Zeno.*

Let me assist

Your Highness.

*Doge.* No.

*Zeno.* His robes encumber him;

Support them.

*Doge.* Why will you torment me, Sir,

With this officious care? These flowers are naught.

Go bring me pungent herbs, hyssop and rue

And rosemary; odours that keep in sense—

I have forgot my handkerchief.

*Zeno.* Take this.

*Doge.* I am an old man newly stung with grief—  
Thou hast forgiven me, Zeno? Are ye ready?  
Where is the accuser?

*Erizzo.* May it please your Highness  
Call forth the prisoner.

*Enter Foscari, guarded.*

*Cosmo.* Oh not thou good Doge;  
Spare those white hairs!

*Doge.* Dare not to pity me!  
Sir, those white hairs are lichens on a rock.  
I tell ye, Sirs, since yesternight my blood  
Is dried up in my veins, my heart is turned  
To stone; but I am Doge of Venice still  
And know my office. Fear me not, Francesco!  
Francesco Foscari—Sir, is he there?  
My eyes are old and dim.

*Foscari.* I am here Father!  
Doge! I am here.

*Doge.* Francesco Foscari  
Thou art arraigned for the foul midnight murder  
Of the senator Donato. Art thou innocent?  
Or guilty?

*Foscari.* Canst thou ask? The fresh-born babe  
That knows not yet the guiltiness of thought,  
Is not from such crime whiter.

*Doge.* Gracious heaven  
I thank thee! Now the weight is off my soul.  
I sinned in my black fear. Where's the accuser?  
Let him stand forth. Cosmo—Signor Donato,  
Speak.

*Erizzo.* Look with how calm and proud a mien

The murderer stands, whilst the poor son conceals  
His face against the wall.

*Doge.* Speak, pr'y thee, speak.

*Cosmo.* Alas ! alas ! I cannot. We were friends  
Even from earliest childhood. I loved him—  
Oh how I loved him ! Aye and he loved me,  
With a protecting love, the firmest love ;  
For stronger, bolder, hardier, he to me  
Was as an elder brother. And his home  
Was mine, and mine was his—Oh he has sate  
A hundred times on that dear father's knee,  
His little head nestling against that breast,  
Where now—Oh Foscari, hadst thou slain me  
My last word had been pardon ! But my father,  
And with a stedfast and unaltering cheek  
To listen——

*Foscari.* Cosmo ! I am innocent.  
Yet, Heaven knows, I grieve——

*Cosmo.* Camilla's father—  
Poor, poor Camilla !

*Erizzo. (aside)* Ah thou hast it now !  
'Tis a fair woman's soft and liquid name  
That stings thy soul ! Good, good.—Ho ! Officer !  
[*Apart to an Officer, giving him a paper.*  
Deliver that and bring the witness hither,  
Look thou take no excuse. [Exit Officer.

*Doge.* Signor Donato,  
I pray you check these pardonable tears.  
Were this a place for passion, what's thy grief  
Measured with mine ? The death of all thy name  
To this suspense, this agony, this shame,  
That eats away the soul ? What is thy grief—  
Master thyself, I say. Francesco Foscari



Stands there to answer to thy charge of murder.  
Produce thy proofs.

*Erizzo.* Bring in the corse. My Lord  
And ye, the equal judges, spare the son  
This miserable duty. I can tell,  
For I by chance was there, this tale of blood  
And mystery. The late unhappy feud  
Is known to all. Returning from St. Mark's  
With my young kinsman in his Gondola—  
For I had missed of mine—we landed close  
To the Donato Palace, as the bell  
Was tolling midnight. 'Twas an awful storm ;  
But by the flashing lightning we saw one  
Leap from the balcony—a Cavalier  
Splendid in dress and air. The lightning glared  
Full on his face and habit, unconcealed  
By hat or cloak, and instantly we knew  
Francesco Foscari.

*Zeno.* Art sure of that ?

*Cosmo.* Oh sure ! Too sure !

*Erizzo.* He passed so close, Count Zeno,  
That my cloak brushed his vest ; but sprang aside,  
As he had met an adder, and leaped down  
Into a waiting Gondola. I called,  
But Foscari answered not ; and Cosmo spake,  
Betwixt a sigh and smile, of fair Camilla,  
Of their long loves, and of the morning's ire,  
And how he hoped this dark and sudden cloud  
Would speedily pass away. Even as he spake,  
Whilst loitering on the steps, we heard a shriek  
Within the house, so piercing, so prolonged,  
So born of bitter anguish—to this hour  
That shriek is ringing in mine ears ! And when,

With trembling hearts and failing limbs, we scaled  
The stairs, we saw Donato bathed in blood,  
And poor Camilla lying on his breast,  
Her arms strained round his neck, as if she tried  
To keep in his dear life. *[The corse brought in.]*

The bloody witness

Of this foul deed is here.

*Foscari.*

Poor good old man!

This is a grievous sight.

*Doge.*

Oh! Would to Heaven

That I so lay, and so—I pray thee, on.

Where are thy proofs?

*Erizzo.* They shall come soon enough.

Donato, rouse thee! Look upon those wounds!

Think on the honoured dead!

*Cosmo.*

I dare not think,

For thought is frenzy. Lords! The Count Erizzo

Hath told ye how we found the corse. This sword,

The well-known sword of Foscari, was plunged

Deep in his gory breast; beside him lay

This hat and cloak, the splendid soldier's garb

Of Foscari; no man had approached the house

Save only Foscari; and his last word,

Mingled with cries of murder and of help,

Was "Foscari." Is that sword thine? Disown it,

And, against oath and proof and circumstance.

Thy word—thy naked word—Disown that sword,

And give me back the blessed faith that trusts

In man my fellow! Look upon it well.

*Foscari.*

'Tis mine.

*Cosmo.* He's guilty. 'Twas the last faint hope  
On this side Heaven.

*Doge.*

Cosmo! It is not his—

He knows not what he says—Give me the sword.



*Foscari.* 'Tis mine ; that which lay sheathed in victory  
Before ye yesterday ; that which I bore  
Triumphing through the battle. What a blaze  
Streamed from the sparkling steel—how bright, how  
pure,

How glorious, how like the light of Fame—  
A wild and dazzling fire ! Both, both are quenched.  
The sword is mine ; but of this foulest deed  
I am as ignorant as the senseless blade.

*Zeno.* Who heard Donato call on Foscari ?

*Erizzo.* Doge, thou hast asked for proofs, for witnesses ;

I have one here. Officer, hast thou brought  
The lady ?

*Officer.* She attends.

*Erizzo.* Go lead her in. *[Exit Officer.]*

*Cosmo.* What lady ? Sure thou canst not mean—

*Enter Officer leading Camilla.*

*Foscari.* Camilla !

*Cosmo.* She walks as in a heavy dream ; her senses  
Are stupified by sorrow. Count *Erizzo*,  
Why didn't thou send for her ? Why bring her here ?  
Had we not breaking hearts enow before  
Without poor, poor Camilla ?

*Erizzo.* She alone  
Heard his last dying words. Lady Camilla !

*Cosmo.* She neither sees nor hears ; she is herself  
A moving corse.

*Erizzo.* Camilla ! Speak to her.

*Cosmo.* Sister ! Heaven shield her senses ! She is deaf  
Even to my voice. Dear sister !

*Erizzo.* Lead her towards  
The body. So ! she sees it.



*Camilla.* Father! Father!  
Have I found thee dear father? Let me sit  
Here at thy feet, and lean my aching head  
Against thy knee—Oh how it throbs!—and bury  
My face within thy cloak. What ails me, Father,  
That my heart flutters so? Feel here—He's cold!  
He's dead! He's dead!

*Erizzo.* Camilla!

*Camilla.* Who art thou?  
Where am I? Wherefore have ye dragged me forth  
Into the glare of day—Oh cruel! cruel!—  
Amongst strange men? Where am I? Foscari! Now  
I have a comforter. Have they not told thee  
That I am fatherless? Dost weep for me?  
For me?

*Erizzo.* Leave him; he is a murderer.  
Thy father's murderer!

*Camilla.* Who dared say that?  
Francesco, speak to me!

*Erizzo.* Pollute her not!  
Touch not her garments! Fly his very sight—  
He slew thy Father.

*Camilla.* Ha! Again! Again!  
Cosmo, this man is false. Is he not Cosmo?  
Is he not all one falsehood? Answer me.  
I will kneel to thee, Cosmo, for a word,  
A sign. Press but my hand. He lets it fall!

*Cosmo.* Sister—I cannot tell her.

*Erizzo.* Thou thyself  
Art witness to his crime.

*Camilla.* I never knew  
Aught of him but his virtues.

*Erizzo.* Noble lady,  
Thou art before the assembled power of Venice,

Before thy father's corse, before high Heaven—

Answer me truly, lady—Didst thou hear

Thy murdered father call on Foscari?

*Camilla.*

Ah!—He is innocent.

*Erisso.* Didst thou not hear

Foscari's name mixed with his dying shriek?

*Camilla.* He's innocent! Oh I would stake my life  
On Foscari's innocence.

*Doge.*

Beloved child:

*Camilla.* Ah! Art thou there? Release him; Set him  
free!

Thou art the Doge, the mighty Doge of Venice,  
Thou hast the power to free him.—Save him now  
From my hard kinsman! Save him! I remember,  
When I was but a little child, I craved  
The grace of a poor galley slave, and thou  
Didst pardon him and set him free as air;—  
Wilt thou not save thy son, and such a son,  
Who is as clear of this foul sin as thou?  
Cosmo, kneel with me!

*Cosmo.*

I have knelt for justice;

And now again—

*Camilla.*

For mercy! mercy!

*Erisso.*

Answer!

Demand her answer, Doge. She is a witness,  
Command her by thy power; thou art the Judge.

*Doge.* I am, I am. Ye should have Dukes of stone,  
But this is flesh. *Camilla,* I am not  
A King, who wears fair mercy on the cross  
Of his bright diadem; I have no power  
Save as the whetted axe to strike and slay,  
A will-less instrument of the iron law  
Of Venice. Daughter—Thou that should'st have been  
My daughter, we are martyrs at the stake,



And must endure. Shall we not copy him,  
Who stands there, with so brave a constancy,  
Patient, unfaltering? Let us chuse the right,  
And leave the event to Heaven. Speak, my dear child.

*Camilla.* Heaven guide me then! Lords, I am here  
an orphan,  
The orphan of one day.—But yesternight—  
Oh! did ye ever see a father die?

*Cosmo.* Calm thee my sister.

*Camilla.* And ye drag me hither—  
Ye call me to bear witness—me, a woman;  
A wretched helpless woman!—Against him,  
Whom—ye are merciless—ye have no touch  
Of pity or of manhood! Do your worst;  
I will not answer ye.

*Foscari.* Oh woman's love,  
Pure nurse of kind and charitable thoughts,  
Wiser than wisdom, instinct of the soul,  
How do I bless thee holiest love! Camilla,  
My brave and true Camilla, thou hast dropt  
Balm in the festering wound. Yet answer them.  
I cannot fear the truth. Ask her once more.

*Erizzo.* Were not the last words that Donato spake  
Foscari and murder?

*Camilla.* Yes.

*Erizzo.* Take her away;  
She hath confessed enough.

*Camilla.* Oh no! no! no!  
Foscari is guiltless! Hear me!—He is guiltless!

*Doge.* Canst thou prove that? Thy sweet face always  
brought  
A comfort. Prove but that.

*Erizzo. (Aside.)* All curses on  
The coward Celso! He'll escape me yet.



(*Aloud.*) The facts? The proofs? The witnesses?

*Camilla.*

His life;

My heart, my bursting heart. If I had seen  
With these poor eyes that horror—had seen him  
Stabbing—Oh, thoughts like these may make me mad,  
But all the powers of earth and hell can never  
Shake my true faith! Foscari! I will share  
Thy fate, will die with thee, will be thy bride  
Even in that fatal hour, and pass away  
With thee to Heaven—So! so!

*Foscari.*

She sinks; she sinks;

Her strength is over-wrought. Oh die not yet  
Till I may die with thee! Awake, revive,  
My plighted love! The bridal hour will soon  
Unite us my Camilla. Help! she faints.

*Erizzo.* Fold her not thus within thy arms! Resign her!

*Foscari.* To thee! While still this arm hath marrow  
in it!

To thee! Cosmo—thou—thou—Be tender of her,  
Be very tender—'tis a broken flower—  
And pardon her her love. Take her. The pain  
Of death is over now. Proceed, my lords.

*Zeno.* Let me support her, Cosmo. Thou dost stagger  
Under her slender form.

*Cosmo.*

He spake to me,

He gazed on me—I felt the long sad look  
Dwell on my face—he, at whose crime my soul  
Shudders, he spake—and I—men would have thought  
I was the guilty one! He bade me love  
This dearest, wretchedest. Tell him—No! no!  
Not even a last word.

[*Exeunt Cosmo and Zeno, with Camilla.*]

*Erizzo.* This hapless maid  
Hath owned enough. Foscari, wilt thou confess  
The murder ?

*Foscari.* I am innocent.

*Erizzo.* Confess ;  
Or we must force confession. To the rack !

*Doge.* Never whilst I have life ! Am I not still  
The Doge of Venice ? Rather stretch these stiff  
And withered limbs upon thy engines, Count !  
Rather crack these old joints ! I thought that I  
Was steeled against all strokes—but this—

*Erizzo.* The rack !

*Foscari.* Bethink thee of the Roman fathers, Doge,  
Of Brutus and of Manlius ; thy son  
Will not disgrace thee. Come, the rack, the rack !  
I will front pain as a brave enemy,  
And rush to the encounter. What is the sense  
Of bodily agony to that which I  
Endure even now ? Disgrace, suspicion, scorn,  
Hatred and haughty pity, and that last  
Worst pang—her love, her misery. These are tortures !  
Let me have something that a warrior's soul  
May strive against and conquer. Come, the rack !

*Doge.* Never.

*Erizzo.* I must not hear thee, Doge. The question !

*Re-enter Cosmo and Zeno.*

*Cosmo.* Stop, on your lives ! Forbear this cruelty,  
This cowardly cruelty ! He will endure—  
He will call up the courage of the field  
And die before he groans. His eye surveys  
That engine steadily, whose very sight  
Makes my flesh creep. Remove it. Oh to see



That butchery—and the old man—the poor old man !  
Remove it.

*Erizzo.* Well. Proceed we then to sentence.

*Zeno.* First listen to the prisoner. *Foscari!* speak.

*Senator.* Yes ; let us hear his tale. Defend thyself.

*Foscari.* To ye who doubt ! To ye who disbelieve !  
Sir, there are spirits that can never stoop  
To falsehood ; not for wealth, or power, or fame,  
Or life, or dearer love. Oh, were ye cast  
In the old chivalrous mould ; pure diamond souls  
On which the dim polluting touch of doubt  
Rests not a breathing time ! Were ye built up  
Of honour—But to ye—Why should I speak  
When I have nothing but my knightly word  
To prove me innocent ?

*Erizzo.* You are well paid  
By this contempt, Count Zeno. Now to judgment.

*[The Doge, Zeno, Erizzo, and the  
Senators retire to the back of the  
stage, leaving Cosmo and Foscari in  
the front.]*

*Foscari.* Father ! He passes on and doth not speak ;  
He cannot ; he has no words,—nothing but tears.  
Oh, what must the grief be that forces tears  
From his proud heart—his proud and bursting heart !  
The flame of youth burnt in him yesterday  
At fourscore years ; to-day hath made him old.  
What groan was that ? What other wretch ? Donato !  
Cosmo ! Wilt thou not answer ?

*Cosmo.* Oh that voice  
Which was such perfect music,—which seemed made  
For truth and thought, fit organ, how it jars  
My very soul ! What would'st thou ?

*Foscari.* I would thank thee



That thou hast spared one pang to a brave heart.  
That rack —— To have seen me stretched there, to  
direct

Each fresh progressive torture.—He had died  
Before our eyes! I thank thee, sir. No more.  
Unless a dying man, for I am sentenced—  
Look how he sinks his head upon his clenched  
And withered hands! I am condemned, and we  
Shall meet no more. Thou wilt not join the headsman  
To see the axe fall on my neck, nor follow  
The shouting multitude who, yesterday,  
Hail'd me a god, and, with like shouts, to-morrow  
Will drag me to the block. We meet no more;  
And as a dying man I fain would part  
In charity. We were friends, Cosmo.—

*Cosmo.*

Friends!

I sinned in listening; but whilst he spake  
A world of kindly thoughts, a gush of the deep  
Old passionate love came o'er my heart—Forgive me  
Oh blessed shade! Friends! Why thy crime were  
common

Wanting that damning dye—a simple murder!  
What though of one kind, noble, generous,  
Whose princely spirit scattered happiness  
As the sun light—a single sin! But 'twas  
My father, mine—avenging angel hear!—  
Mine, that so loved thee.—

*Foscari.*

That, at the first glance

Of wild suspicion, the first crafty word  
Of treacherous hate, doubted, accused, condemned—  
Chasing through shameful trial to shameful death—  
Yet daring to call down the wrath of God  
On a false friend! Oh cunning self-deceit!  
Oh wondrous cheat of blind mortality!

Thus doth the Evil Spirit cast about  
To win a soul from heaven. They come. They come.  
Now gentle death.

[*The Doge, Erizzo, Zeno, and Senators advance.*]

Speak! I can better bear  
Thy words than that long gaze of agony.  
I am prepared.

*Doge.* Oh why did I resume  
This bonnet, which thy filial hand had plucked  
From my old brow, this fatal coronet,  
Predoomed to fall, that scorches me like fire—  
Stings me like twisted serpents! Would I were  
A naked slave, chained to his weary oar,  
A worm that hath no sense but sufferance,  
Any thing vilest and most miserable,  
Rather than Doge of Venice! I must plunge  
A dagger in thy breast. Francesco Foscari,  
The council doth pronounce thee guilty.

*Foscari.* Ha!

*Erizzo.* It works. It works.

*Doge.* Thou said'st thou wast prepared.

*Foscari.* Aye—but the word!  
The first sound of the word!

*Doge.* The council doth condemn—

*Foscari.* All, father? All?

*Doge.* No; there were two—Count Zeno could not  
join

Guilty and Foscari; and I—my son,  
Thou couldst not do this deed!

*Foscari.* Thank heaven! Thank heaven!

*Erizzo.* The sentence, Doge!

*Foscari.* Yes, father. The one pang,  
The worse than death,—the infamy is past.

The dagger's in my breast; now drive it home,  
And with a merciful speed.

*Erizzo.* Sir, thou wilt find  
Justice hath bowed to mercy.

*Cosmo.* Doge, the sentence!

*Doge.* The penalty is death. But for thy rank,  
Thy services and mine, it is exchanged  
For banishment to Candia. Thou must live  
In Canea, an exile, till thy days  
Be ended, my dear son.

*Foscari.* Live! Give me death!  
Ye that give infamy, and dare to talk  
Of mercy, give me death, painfullest death,  
And I will thank ye—bless ye! Give me death!  
Ye cannot give me life. Sooner the bay,  
That wreathes the warrior's brows, shall spread and  
flourish

In a dark mine, shut up from sun and air,  
Than I can live without a proud respect  
A white unblemish'd name, the light and breath  
Of honour. Death I say!—a murderer's death!  
Ye dare not change the laws.

*Cosmo.* Live, and repent.

*Foscari.* Cosmo, if e'er you loved me, call on them  
For justice—bloody justice! Doge of Venice,  
Maintain the insulted laws! Send me to death,—  
To instant death! Oh father, free thy son  
From this dread load of misery! Would'st thou see  
Thy only child shunned as a leper, father?  
Sent out into the world a second Cain?  
Oh give me death! death! death!

*Doge.* I knew that life  
Would be a lingering agony; and yet  
To kill thee—my dear son! Oh prophecy  
Accurst, I feel thee now!



*Erizzo.* Remove the prisoner.

What! doth he struggle?

*Doge.* Touch him not, vile slaves!

*Foscari.* A moment pause, and ye may lead me hence  
Tame as a fondled kid. Ye Senators,  
Ye kings of Venice, I appeal from you  
To the Supreme Tribunal.

*Erizzo.* To thy father?

*Foscari.* To Him that is in heaven. Ye are men,  
Frail, erring, ignorant men, guided or driven  
By every warring passion: some by love  
Of the beloved Donati; some by hate  
Of the high Foscari; by envy some;  
Many by fear; and one by low ambition.  
This ye call justice, lords! But I appeal  
To the All-righteous Judge of earth and heaven,  
Before whose throne condemners and condemned  
All shall stand equal, at whose feet I swear,  
By what my soul holds sacred—by the spurs  
Of knighthood—by the Christian's holier Cross,  
And by that old man's white and reverend locks,  
That I am innocent. Ye, who disbelieve,  
And ye who doubt, and ye, the grovelling few,  
Believing who condemn, I shower on all  
Contempt and pardon. Now, guards, to the prison.

*Zeno.* Look to the Doge.

*Foscari.* Zeno, when I am gone  
Thou wilt be kind to him?

*Zeno.* Even as a son!  
Even as thyself.

*Foscari.* Thou truest friend, farewell!

*Zeno.* Look to the Doge

## A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Donato Palace.*

*Cosmo and Erizzo.*

*Cosmo.* Gone to the prison! No! my lord Erizzo.  
I know Camilla.

*Erizzo.* Well—I might mistake.

*Cosmo.* Straight from her father's bier, where all night  
long  
She watch'd and wept, to seek—Go to, thou'rt wrong!  
Thou'rt wrong.

*Erizzo.* Think no more of it. Doth the Senate  
Meet to-day?

*Cosmo.* Was she veil'd?

*Erizzo.* Who?

*Cosmo.* Whom thou saw'st.  
She—not my sister!—Was she veil'd?

*Erizzo.* She was.

*Cosmo.* How couldst thou know her?

*Erizzo.* By the pliant grace  
Of the young form—the goddess step—the charm  
Of motion. With such port the queenly swan  
Glides o'er the waters. Dost thou not remember  
When Foscari once—

*Cosmo.* Avoid that name. Avoid it.

*Erizzo.* She's here.

*Enter Camilla.*

*Cosmo.* And veil'd! Whence com'st thou, sister?  
speak.

Why hast thou borne those tears and that wan face  
Abroad amongst the happy? Whence com'st thou?

*Camilla.* From one whose heart drops blood for this  
great grief.

*Cosmo.* Whence?

*Camilla.* From St. Mark's.

*Cosmo.* The Doge! The poor old Doge!

*Erizzo.* The Doge! It was not by the Ducal  
chambers

That I this morning saw—

*Camilla.* My lord Erizzo,  
I seek not to deceive ye. I have seen  
The Doge. But 'twas another wretcheder  
Of whom I spake,—one who hath long to live.  
I come from where beneath the leaden roofs  
Foscari lies.

*Cosmo.* And she can speak that name  
Sighingly, fondly! She can cast aside  
Even maiden modesty! Forgive me, friend,  
That trusting her I doubted thee. Approach not!  
Thou art contaminate.

*Camilla.* He's innocent!  
Turn not away, shake me not off, as though  
I were some loathed reptile. Cosmo! Brother!  
We two are left alone in the wide world,  
And I, that sate upon that rainbow throne  
Of happiness, I am fallen, fallen.

*Cosmo.* What would'st thou?



How may I comfort thee? Sweet gentle soul,  
Her tears are daggers. Speak.

*Camilla.* And thou wilt listen?

*Cosmo.* Patient as infancy.

*Camilla.* He goes to-night;

And I——nay, start not.

*Cosmo.* What of thee?

*Camilla.* And I——

We were betroth'd; he goes a sentenc'd wretch—  
But innocent, most innocent! He goes  
To scorn, to exile, and to misery,  
And I—I came to say farewell to thee  
My brother—I go with him.

*Cosmo.* Ha!

*Erizzo.* She raves.

Look how she trembles; she is overwatched;  
This is a frenzy.

*Camilla.* Sir, I am not mad;  
I'm a Donato born, and drank in courage  
Even with my mother's milk. What if I shake!  
Within this trembling frame there is a heart  
As firm as thine. Speak to me ere we part,  
My brother! Speak to me, whatever words,  
However bitter! Any thing but silence,  
Cold withering silence!

*Cosmo.* Sister!

*Camilla.* Bless thee, bless thee,  
For that kind word!

*Cosmo.* My sister, sit thee down.—  
Misery hath brought her to this pass.—Camilla,  
We had a father once:—he's slain. Would'st thou  
Join this white hand, which he so lov'd to mould  
Within his own, the soft and dimpled hand,  
With one—

*Camilla.* Oh pure as thine ! Believe it, Cosmo ;  
Pure as thine own !

*Cosmo.* We have no father now,  
And we should love each other. Stay with me.  
I am no tyrant-brother : I'll not force  
Thy blooming beauty to some old man's bed  
For high alliance ; I'll not plunge thy youth  
Into that living tomb where the cold nun  
Chants daily requiems, that thy dower may swell  
My coffers ; I but ask of thee to stay  
With me in thy dear Venice, thy dear home,  
Thy mistress, mine. I'll be to thee, Camilla,  
A father, brother, lover. Stay with me.  
I will be very kind to thee.

*Camilla.* Oh cruel !  
This kindness is the rack.

*Cosmo.* I would but save thee  
From exile, penury, shame—

*Camilla.* He said so.

*Cosmo.* He !

*Camilla.* Aye, he urg'd all that thou canst say against  
Himself and me—in vain. My heart is firm.  
I go. But love me still, oh love me still  
My brother !

*Cosmo.* Listen.

*Camilla.* He said all.

*Cosmo.* Camilla !

I'd save thee from a crime, a damning crime—  
Did he say that ? From such a parricide,  
Such unimagin'd sin—I tell thee, girl,  
The Roman harlot, she the infamous  
That crush'd her father with her chariot wheels,  
She'll be forgotten in thy monstrous guilt,  
Whitened by thy black shame.

*Camilla.* Oh father, father,  
I call upon thee! Look on me from heav'n,  
Search my whole soul—'tis white. Oh when some tale  
Of woman's truth brought tears into my eyes,  
How often hath he said—Be thou, too, faithful  
In weal or woe! And now—farewell! farewell!  
Cosmo, my heart is breaking——Say farewell,  
Only farewell!

*Cosmo.* Stay with me.

*Camilla.* No.

*Cosmo.* Then go,  
Outcast of earth and heaven, of God and man!  
Abandon'd, spurn'd, abhorr'd, accurst! Go forth  
A murderer's bride—worse! worse! What impious  
priest  
Will dare profane the holy words that join  
The pure of heart and hand for ye, for ye,  
The parricides——Oh that she had but died  
Innocent in her childhood.

*Camilla.* One day, brother,  
Thou'lt grieve for this. Now bless thee! [*Exit Camilla.*]

*Cosmo.* Stay!

*Erizzo.* She's gone.

*Cosmo.* Why let her go, foul stain upon our house!  
She was his daughter still, and yesterday  
An Angel! And he loved her and she him  
With such a dotage! 'Twas a sight to see  
How ere the pretty babe could speak its will,  
The chubby hands would cling and fix themselves  
Round its dear father's neck. Mother, or nurse,  
Or I, the elder child that played with her  
Full half the day, were nothing if she caught  
One glimpse of that dear father.



*Erizzo.* Now she'll hang  
Around his murderer's neck.

*Cosmo.* Do ye all forget  
That I'm her brother? Ho, Camilla!

*Erizzo.* 'Twill be  
A triumph 'mid their shame to these misproud  
Revengeful Foscari to bear off thus  
The glory of your house.

*Cosmo.* I'll rescue her.  
Where is she? Is she gone? What ho, Camilla!  
I'll follow her to the end of the earth. The laws  
Give me a father's power. I'll save her yet.  
Camilla! Ho, Camilla!

*Erizzo.* You must seek her  
With him. The time draws near.

[*Cosmo rushes out.*

Now, Foscari,  
I have thee at my feet.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The Sea Shore.*

*Doge, Foscari, Guards.*

*Foscari.* Here then we part. Those Guards—send  
them away,  
Let them not listen to the last faint word,  
Nor gaze on the last lingering look Why doubt'st thou?  
Fear me not—I'll be a true prisoner.  
I am a Foscari still, bound by one chain,  
Honour. Send them away.

*Doge.* Leave us. [*Exeunt Guards.*

*Foscari.* Aye, now  
My soul is free again. That tallest slave  
Stood brushing against my vest—he with the hard  
Cold stony eyes—and I—let not that man  
Go with me.

*Doge.* He shall not.

*Foscari.*                      How can I waste  
A word on such a reptile ! I'd a world  
Of sad and loving things to say to thee,  
But there's a weight just here—Oh father ! father !  
I thought to have been a comfort to thy age,  
But I was born to spread a desolation  
On all I love.

*Doge.* I would not change my son,  
Banished although he be, with the proudest sire  
In Christendom. But we must part. These men  
Are merciless.

*Foscari.* Implore no grace of them.  
And yet to leave this brave and tender heart  
To wither in its princely solitude,  
Friendless, companionless.

*Doge.* Age hath one friend,  
One sure friend—Death.

*Foscari.* Oh I shall not be by  
To close thine eyes or kneel beside thy couch,  
Or gather from thy lips the last fond sound  
Of blessing or of pardon. Bless me now,  
Parting is dying.

*Doge.* Bless thee, my dear son.

*Enter Camilla.*

## Camilla !

*Foscari.* Bless her too. She is thy daughter ;  
She goes with me to exile.

*Doge.* She is blest  
In her high constancy. Beloved child  
Thy virtuous love hath softened the sharp pang  
Of this dread hour.

*Camilla.* Father! My only Father!  
Foscari, the bark awaits us.

*Foscari.* What, already?

*Camilla.* All is prepared.

*Doge.* I should have told thee so;  
But when I would have said, Go! go! my tongue  
Clave to my mouth.

*Foscari.* Already! Write to me  
Often. Is that forbidden? Yet the Doge  
May ask my Candiote jailer if his prisoner  
Be strictly kept. Then I shall sometimes see,  
For surely he will shew it me, thy name,  
Thy writing, something thou hast touched. 'Twill be  
A comfort.

*Doge.* I will write to thee.

*Foscari.* And think  
Of me when the pale moon lets fall her cold  
And patient light upon the Adrian wave  
That sighs and trembles. Think of me then.

*Doge.* Always.  
By sun, or moon, or star; in the bright day  
In the night's darkness, but one single thought  
Will dwell in my old heart—My banished son.

*Camilla.* Alas! Francesco, why wilt thou prolong  
This useless agony?

*Foscari.* He hath not said  
Farewell. One last embrace, one blessing more—  
The last!

*Camilla.* What step is that?



*Enter Zeno.*

*Zeno.* I crave your pardon :

But I must pray the Doge to come with me  
Straight to the Senate. 'Tis an earnest business.  
I do beseech your Highness. Leave him, Foscari !  
Cling not together as your very souls  
Were interlaced. The Senate, Doge, demands thee.

*Foscari.* The Senate ! What ! hath he another son  
To try, to torture, to condemn ? Hath he  
Another heart to break ? Yet go. For once  
Their cruelty is mercy. Go.

*Doge.* Whilst still  
These eyes may gaze on thee ! Ere yonder cloud  
Shall pass across the sun, a darker cloud  
Will wrap me in its blackness ; then the throne,  
The judgment seat, the grave—no matter where  
The old man rests his bones !—One dim eclipse  
Will shadow all—but now—say to the senate  
That at their bidding I am sending forth  
My son to exile.

*Foscari.* Go ! go !

*Zeno.* Doge, thy duty,  
Thy princely duty calls thee.

*Doge.* To that word,  
Which was to me a god, have I not offered  
My child upon the altar ? Is the sacrifice  
Still incomplete ? Farewell ! farewell !

*Zeno.* Francesco,  
Embark not till ye hear from me.—My lord,  
This way.

*Doge.* I pray you pardon me—I'm old—  
I'm very old. [Exeunt Doge and Zeno]

*Camilla.* Nay sit not shivering there  
Upon the ground. Hast thou no word for me,

Francesco?

*Foscari.* Is he gone? Quite gone? For ever?

*Camilla.* Take comfort.

*Foscari.* Is he gone? I did not say  
Farewell, nor God be with thee! When men part  
From common friends for a slight summer voyage  
They cry Heaven speed thee! and I could not say  
Farewell to my dear father, nor call down  
One benison on that white reverend head  
Which I shall never see again. There breathes not  
A wretch so curst as I.

*Camilla.* Foscari, the lips  
That I have kissed are cold.

*Foscari.* Oh bruised flower,  
Whose very wounds do shed an odorous balm!  
My gentle comforter! could I forget  
Thy misery! Forgive me.

*Camilla.* I have left  
His bier, his bloody bier.

*Foscari.* Aye, there it is!  
Fortune, and friends, and home, to fly from them  
Were nothing—but she leaves the unburied corse  
Of her dead father, the dear privilege  
To sit and watch till the last hour, to strew  
His body with sweet flowers like a bank in spring  
Making death beautiful, to follow him  
To his cold bed, and drop slow heavy tears  
To the bell's knolling. She leaves grief to go  
With me, whom the world calls—Oh matchless love,  
Life could not pay thee! Matchless, matchless love!

*Camilla.* He, that blest spirit, knows thy innocence:  
And I—I never doubted.

*Foscari.* Matchless love!  
We'll never part, we'll live and die together,

There is a comfort in the word. Camilla,  
Where are the guards, the ship? My heart beats high  
At thy exceeding truth. We shall set forth  
As to a victory.

*Enter Cosmo, and Erizzo.*

*Cosmo.* She's here! She's here.  
Move not a step. Dare not to stir. Camilla,  
Follow me.

*Foscari.* Who is he that dares obstruct  
The mandate of the Senate? I'm an exile  
Travelling to banishment. All Venice knows  
The piteous story of the Doge's son  
Condemned by his own father, and of her  
His true and faithful love. Now leave us, Sir;  
Let us depart in peace.

*Cosmo.* Murderer! Ravisher!  
I seek my sister.

*Foscari.* She stands there. Ask her  
Whom she will follow.

*Camilla.* He knows well. Francesco,  
The whole world shall not part us.

*Foscari.* Mine! Mine own!  
My very own! I've lost wealth, country, home,  
Fame, friends, and father; I have nothing left  
Save thee, my dear one; but with thee I'm rich,  
And great, and happy. Now let us go forth  
Into our banishment. Give me thy hand,  
My wife.

*Cosmo.* Camilla, I command thee stay—  
The laws of Venice give to me a power  
Absolute as a father's. Loose her, Sir.  
Let go her hand. I warn ye part. They'll drive me



Into a madness. If thou be a man  
Let's end this quarrel bravely.

*Camilla.* Heed him not !

*Foscari.* Calm thee ! He is thy brother.

*Cosmo.* I disclaim her.

*Foscari.* Tremble not so ! I am unarmed, Camilla.

*Cosmo.* Dost hold her as a shield before thy breast?  
Dost palter with me, coward ?

*Foscari.* (*breaking from Camilla*) Off!—A sword!  
A sword for charity!

*Camilla.* Help ! Help ! The Doge !  
The guard ! Stay with them ! Part them ! Leave them not !  
Hold them asunder, Count, and in my prayers  
Thou shalt be sainted ! Help. [*Camilla rushes out.*]

*Foscari.* Give me a sword !

*Cosmo.* Aye his or mine. I am so strongly armed  
In my most righteous cause. I would encounter  
A mailed warrior with a willow wand.

*Erizzo.* There is my weapon.

*Foscari.* Why thou wast my foe !  
But this is such a bounty as might shame  
The princely hand of friendship. Not the blade  
Girt by a crowned Duke around my loins,  
An Emperor's gift, the day I won my spurs  
In the Suabian victory, not that knightly sword  
Was welcomer than this.

*Cosmo.* Foscari, come on !

*Foscari.* I would thou wert a soldier !

*Cosmo.* Now.

[*They fight, and Foscari falls.*]

*Erizzo.* The fates

Work for me.—Ha !

*Cosmo.* Erizzo.

*Erizzo.* Is he dead ?

*Cosmo.* Alas! Alas! Lift up his head.

*Camilla.* (*behind the scene*) Here! Here!

Canst thou not hasten.

*Enter Camilla and the Doge.*

(*entering*) *Foscari!* He's slain!

Oh bloody, bloody brother! Kill me too!

Be merciful! Help!

*Cosmo.* Doth he live?

*Camilla.* Away!

Thy hands are bloody!—Help, Doge *Foscari!*

Help Father!—The old man stands stiffening there

Into a statue—He'll die first! Off! Off!

Wouldst kill him o'er again?—He bleeds to death!

Father, it is thy blood.

*Doge.* My son! My son!

Who hath done this?

*Camilla.* He is not dead. Support him.

See how his eye-lids quiver. *Foscari!*

'Tis I, thy wife!

*Foscari.* Mine own!

*Cosmo.* Thanks gracious Heaven!

*Enter Zeno and Guards.*

*Zeno.* Seize Count Erizzo, Guard. Have ye not heard—  
What spectacle is this?—Know ye not, Sirs,  
That *Foscari* is guiltless, that the murderer  
Is found?

*Foscari.* Hear that! I'm innocent! Hear that!  
The murderer is found! Nay, hold me not—  
I'm well—I'm strong. Father, there is no stain  
In the long line of *Foscari!* *Camilla,*  
My Faithfullest—

*Doge.* He falls.

*Camilla.*                                There wanted this  
To crown the brimming cup of my despair.  
We should have been the happiest two, Francesco,  
Since the first pair in Paradise—but he  
That was my brother—

*Cosmo.* Peace. Who slew Donato?

*Zeno.* Celso, bribed by Erizzo to destroy  
 Francesco Foscari by Donato crossed  
 Slew him, and aided by the sword and cloak  
 Dropped by Francesco, cast this deed of horror  
 On the most innocent.

*Cosmo.* Hath he confessed ?

*Zeno.* All. Seize Erizzo, bind him.

*Erizzo.* There's no need.  
The work is done, well done—Signor Donato,  
I thank thee still for that—and such revenge  
Is cheaply bought with life.

*Cosmo.* Oh, damned viper!

*Erizzo.* Aye! Do ye know me? Not a man of ye  
But is my tool or victim. I'm your master.  
This was my aim when old Donato died,  
And but that Celso dared not cope with Foscari  
And sought to catch him in a subtler springe  
I had been now your Doge. And I am more.  
I am your master, Sirs. Look where he lies  
The towering Foscari, who yesterday  
Stood statelier than the marble gods of Rome  
In their proud beauty. Harken! It is mute,  
The tongue which darted words of fiery scorn  
And cold contempt, and bitter pardon—dared  
To hurl on me fierce pardon! Ha! he shivers!  
His stout limbs writhe! The insect that is born  
And dies within an hour would not change lives  
With Foscari. I am content. For thee



I have a tenfold curse. Long be thy reign,  
Great Doge of Venice!

*Doge.* Aye, I am the Doge;  
Lead him to instant death. [*Exit Erizzo guarded.*]  
My son!

*Cosmo.* 'Tis I  
That am the only murderer of the earth—  
I that slew him. Bring racks and axes—

*Doge.* Live!  
I pardon thee. He pardons thee. Live, Cosmo;  
It is thy Prince's last behest. I've been  
O'erlong a crowned slave. Go! dross to dross.

[*Flinging off the Ducal Bonnet.*]

And bruise the stones of Venice! Tell the senate  
There lies their diadem. Now I am free!  
Now I may grieve and pity like a man!  
May weep, and groan, and die! My heart may burst  
Now! Start not, Zeno—Didst thou never hear  
Of a broken heart? Look there.

*Zeno.* Hush! He revives.

*Camilla.* My Foscari!

*Foscari.* Camilla! Is't Camilla?  
Is she not weeping? What canst thou weep now  
When honour is redeemed and a bright name?  
Why there should be no tear in all the world;  
Gladness is come from Heaven.

*Camilla.* Death! Death!

*Foscari.* This joy  
Is life. Who talked of death? I cannot die  
In such a happiness. I'm well.

*Zeno.* He sinks;  
Support him.

*Cosmo.* Is he dead?

*Doge.* Beloved son.

How art thou?

*Foscari.* Strong at heart. What are those shapes  
That hover round us? There! There! There!

*Doge.* Thy friends.

*Foscari.* Friends! Have they heard that I am innocent?  
That I'm no murderer? That I do not shame  
My father's glory? Let it be proclaimed—  
Tell Venice—tell—

[*dies.*]

*Zeno.* He's gone.

*Camilla.* Mine! Still mine own!  
Bury me with him! He is mine.

THE END.



OLD LAMPS IN OLD LAMPS

CHIEFLY FROM

DAUGHTER CITIES

BY

BEARD. MAYALL.

& C.



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